

I Was Seized as a Spy

Life Plows on Inside the Red Prison Walls

CPYRGHT

This is a true story of the brutal behind-the-scenes maneuvering in counter-espionage.

Greville Wynne, a British business man, was an innocent "pigeon" in a game of spy snatching between the British and the Russians. He knew the interrogation after his kidnaping in the fall of 1962 and his trial in Moscow six months later were rigged so that he had no chance.

He accepted his eight-year sentence stoically. He saw no hope of getting out in less than five years, though he knew the British had captured a top Russian spy. The idea that he might be hostage for an exchange did not occur to him.

Wynne did not imagine, either, that the Reds would continue questioning him and torturing him after his sentence was passed. But they did, and it got progressively worse. Wynne was tough, though. He refused to talk, despite the beatings and starvation.

By Greville Wynne

THE communist interrogators who questioned me the third time I went back to Lubyanka were the

specialists in their respective countries. They kept asking me over and over about my movements and contacts—the same old song.

Also they asked me about Penkovsky. Whom he had seen, what did we do in Moscow, whether he knew the waiters very well, did he use the same car each time to and from the airport, did he speak to anyone at the airport, what friends of his did I meet? To all these questions I replied, "I don't know . . . I can't remember . . . I can't speak Russian . . . I didn't see Penkovsky with anybody." I had no intention of being helpful.

The Same Old Questions . . .

The questioning went on for about a week. After this, I was brought before the lieutenant-general in charge and some other people, and this time I was told to sit down. They told me that one way in which I could better my conditions was to sign a paper they had drawn up.

This paper said in effect that I had confessed at my trial, and that I would cooperate to make amends for my crime. That I offered of my own free will to work for the Russians and to give them technical and commercial secrets.

This of course I refused to sign. They then said, "Well your fate is in your own hands. You have had a taste of what Vladimir is like: you will go back and have even

worse conditions until you come to your senses." But they could not hide from me the fact that I had very much got under their skin. The last bout of questioning did have one effect on me; it confirmed my suspicion that Penkovsky might still be alive.

These questionings, coming from the intelligence officers of the other countries as well, showed that the iceberg of which he was the tip was far broader-based than even Russia. It was unlikely that they would deprive themselves of one of their best witnesses, Penkovsky himself.

True to their promise, back at Vladimir they were pretty rough for about a month. Again I had a very bad diet, and sometimes missed my food altogether for a couple of days. Instead of going out for exercise every day I only went twice a week.

They made me miss a bath a day, would not let me shave, nor go to the toilet every day or empty my can—this sort of thing.

It was at this time that a most unusual thing occurred. I was being taken to the showers, and once again saw an opportunity of shouting, as I passed a cell, "Anyone here speak English?" This time there came a reply, "Yes, I do speak some English," in an accent that was not Slav but which might well have been Scandinavian.

At once the guard clapped his hand over my mouth and hustled me into the toilet, where I was left locked in for more than a hour. Then I was taken by two guards and an officer not to my own cell but to one on the floor below, and I never returned to that floor again.

A few weeks later I had the opportunity of making renewed inquiries thru my contacts in the washroom about foreign prisoners in Vladimir. This time I was told that, besides Poles and Hungarians, Germans and Japanese, there was "a Swede" who had been there for a

very long time, and was under strict guard."

And when I was in Sweden on business last month it was suggested that this man might have been one of more than 20 Swedes who were believed to have been taken into Russian captivity.

Wynne Meets His Wife Once More

The next time I went up to Lubyanka I knew something was up because I was first taken to the administrative block, given a suit to put on, allowed to shave, and taken from Vladimir, not on the train, but in a metal police van.

When I got to Lubyanka I had better treatment immediately—a few scraps of meat or fish in the soup, a little milk.

They took me to the court house where the trial had taken place and then they told me that I was going to see my wife.

They warned me that if I complained to her about my treatment I would be punished and the meeting would be terminated.

But she could see for herself, from my appearance what things were like. It was nearly nine months since her last visit.

I was not, of course, alone. There was Melinkov, the warden from Vladimir, and Borovik, the lawyer whom I had not seen for nearly a year. We talked of home, of the family, we talked generalities. Then Sheila said, "Grev, I'm not sure, but I believe there have been negotiations. Don't count on it, but there is a possibility that you will be released quite soon."